

REVOL

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Mr. Lewis, in the Character of Edgar

AYO



Private and Confidential

W.D.O.

Are all her vows & protestations come to this?

St. J

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L O V E R S

O P E R A.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by Mr. CHETWOOD.

K



L O N D O N;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Bookfellers,

M DCC LXXXI.

PROLOGUE.

OUR humble Bard (well he deserves that name,
Who from the Muse no borrow'd aid can claim)
Seeing your modern operas spring so thick,
Though he sing-song easy as a juggler's trick,
Building on this, and conscious of no skill,
His gives you his essay of pure good-will.
Since he pleads guilty, wink at one offence;
Mercy has oft reclaim'd to sober sense.
He likes the trade so ill, as a beginner,
He swears, he ne'er shall grow a barden'd singer;
Unless—Hear ye him!—wilt should turn his brain;
Then—look for Hurlothrumbo's once again;
Then look—to see him ride the moon—and dance—
And fiddle to his own extravagance.
Tho'—should that happen, he might plead some merit;
What once was madest, now is wit and spirit.
But, yet, poor soul! he claims not that proud bays;
You'll understand him—tho' you should not praise.
For those whose doubtful fate it is to be
The organs of his charmed poetry,
Tho' him you censure, think, they barely do
Nor more, nor less, than what he prompts 'em to.
Then, 'faith, be kind—ye've had your treat of wit;
And he would rather thrown in his gratis bit.
Like a frank best, that, when the rest 's a' a,
Brings up his flash, adds nothing to your fame.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

JUSTICE DALTON.

EDGAR.

MOODY.

MONSIEUR VAROLE.

AMINADAB PRIM.

SQUIRE CLODPOL.

WOMEN.

CLARA.

FLORA.

LUCY.



T H E

LOVERS OPERA.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Dalton perusing Papers; Lucy observing at a Distance.

Dal. SURE, now, these daughters of mine can have no pretence to charge me with severity; since I have provided husbands for 'em both. *Lucy.* If they do but like the provision you have made, 'twill be very well. *[Aside]*

Dal. Their deceased uncle has given each of them a separate fortune of ten thousand pounds—the interest of which I have taken care to account for in the articles of education, necessaries, and so forth.

Lucy. I don't question it. *[Aside]*

Dal. Now what remains to be done, is to make a lure of some of the principal, if I can—but that they will command when of age, or, what's worse, on the day of marriage, which misfortune I must guard against—Oh what a plague it is to a man to have the care of two bawdy girls past their teens!

A I R I. Diogenes surly and proud.

Our children for blessings were meant,
Yet seldom a blessing they prove;
They poison a parent's content,
With plagues in their obstinate love.
In nonage they whimper and cry,
And tease us all day with their noise;
In their teens they our projects destroy,
And, fighting for man, kill our joys.

These gentlemen are, for my approbation in the affair, to give me each two thousand pounds, and thus they have oblig'd themselves under hand and seal to perform.

Lucy. Have they so?

Dal. How now, saucybox! What business have you here?

Lucy. What business have I any where else? am I not serving my mistress? doing my duty? while you are plotting to sacrifice 'em to your rapacious avarice.

Dal. This wench has overheard me, and I could find in my heart to murder the jade.

Lucy. Say you so! but I'll take care first to blow up your scheme; I'll go immediately, and give information of every particular to—

Dal. I had better close with her—hussy, come hither.

Lucy. I won't.

Dal. Come hither, I say.

Lucy. I won't, I say.

Dal. I wou'd talk with thee,—thou art the cabinet of both my daughters secrets, and I have a desire to trust thee—is it possible, any way in the world, to make thee my friend?

Lucy. No.

Dal. Suppose I shou'd make it thy interest to be so?

Lucy. Hum! what's he about!—You can't.

Dal. Why not?

Lucy. You have not generosity enough.

Dal. Try me.

Lucy. Shall I!

Dal. Do—you know, *Lucy*—when my daughters are dispos'd of—na! I have no more children, and may—

Lucy. What, pray?

Dal. I may—perhaps take thee to warm—my bed—be my house keeper—you understand me.

Lucy. Yes, I do, but I won't.

A I R II. Red House.

Youth and age will never
Well agree together,
But with stormy weather
Pays the long and tedious day.
Age with clouds will cover,
Damp, and kill the lover;
'Tis the youth's fulcrum
Proves our lively shining ray.
This age and youth
Are lies and truth,
They differ more than peace and war,
They're heat and cold,
They're lead and gold,
They're debtors that have nought to pay.

Dal. What is it I can do to please thee?

Lucy. Why—if as a specimen of what you dare do, you would give me ten pieces.

Dal. Ten! ten!

Lucy. Aye, ten! as a retaining fee only, and fifty more when the job's finish'd.

Dal. Why thou art a Jew—but *Lucy*, tell me first—

Lucy. No, the fee first, or not a tittle of advice—but what am I doing? I am going to betray two innocent young ladies to—

Dal. Thy own interest, think of that—come. I will give thee ten—For when the job's over, 'tis but hiding a piece of plate, and swear she has stole it; then I shall save her wages, have this money again, and all she has got beside, to make up the matter. *[Aside]*

Edg. Let me consider—suppose I had a taste
the money, and receive the old man's gift!

Del. Aye, so consider on't.

Lucy. I am not the first who has taken
sides on both sides.

Del. No, no; nor won't be the last.

Lucy. Well, sir, name your conditions.

Del. You are, in the first place, to discover
to me the amours, intrigues, &c. of your young
mistresses.

Lucy. Well!

Del. If any letters are put into your hands by
'em, or for 'em, you are to deliver 'em to me.

Lucy. Well, well!

Del. And this you promise—

Lucy. Upon condition—

Del. Aye, upon condition you have ten guineas
at earnest—there they are.

Lucy. This money is—in short, what is it not?
'tis wisdom, honour, all! but honesty. This is the
lovers' darts and dromps.

The rosy cheek, the brilliant eye,
The panting heart, and heaving sigh.

A I R III. *Mod Robin.*

This gives females wit and charms,
The force of this will virtue prove;
This will find old Bromia's arms,
With this she buys her love.

'Tis gold will gain the knave a place,
The merit pleads in vain;

'Twill wipe away the worse disgrace,
And soften love's disdain.

Del. But tell me, child, dost think the inclina-
tions of both these girls are fix'd?

Lucy. I am afraid so.

Del. On whom?

Lucy. Why Clara loves Mr. Edgar, that's cer-
tain.

Del. And he her?

Lucy. Yes.

Del. And Flora loves—

Lucy. Young Moody—but it seems there's a
demur on his side—he's lately more inclin'd to
Clara too.

Del. What are Edgar and he rivals?

Lucy. I fancy so, for Flora is in tears about it.

Del. I am glad on't—but can't we contrive to
set 'em a fighting?

Lucy. Aye! but suppose one of 'em should be
run through?

Del. Why then t'other wou'd be hang'd, and so
we're rid of 'em both.

Lucy. A good conscience, by my troth—but
pray, sir, who are these lovers you have provided
for these young ladies, that I may be able to serve
them, and you, when occasion offers?

Del. I'll tell thee—one of 'em is my good friend
and fellow-citizen, Mr. Ammadab Prim.

Lucy. What, the Quaker?

Del. He's rich.

Lucy. Is he not too old?

Del. He's rich, very rich.

Lucy. Well, him you design for—

Del. Flora, or either of 'em—the next is Cap-
tain Clodpole.

Lucy. Ah, lord! why he's a fool.

Del. Rich, rich, very rich, and he talks of
Clara.

Lucy. Or either of 'em.

Del. Aye, aye, aye—but in case one of these
should not please, I have provided one more gen-
tleman.

Edg. Aye! who is he?

Del. Ammadab Prim.

Lucy. O, my star! why he is heavenly ugly,
and—

Del. A bean, that you'll consider.

Lucy. Aye, rich, I suppose.

Del. Right!—and consents to give me two thou-
sand pounds to make up the match.

Lucy. Aye, aye, that consideration outweighs all
the rest—besides, I don't see but all men are alike,
when once they commence husbands—not one
in ten proves worth half the trouble we give our-
selves about 'em.

Del. I fancy 'tis much the same with your sex.

Lucy. Aye, much the same; much the same in-
deed, sir.

A I R IV. *Mother, quoth Hodge.*

Tho' couples are fond when first they are wed,
Their passions decline as oft as they meet.

Before a full month their love is all fled,
With spleen and cold looks each other they treat.

They're both the same!

Love's but a name.

Del. Then women experiments ne'er shou'd try:

They fawn and dissemble,

They sigh and they tremble,

Their hearts ever giving their tongue the lie.

Lucy. And now, sir, to shew you how much I am
yours, you must know Clara and Edgar are got to-
gether in the garden, by her appointment.—If you
have a mind to spoil their affigation, there you'll
find 'em—tho' I hope he's gone by this time.

Del. I'll do it; mean while you'll be diligent.

Lucy. And secret, you may depend on't. [Exit.
Del.] I cannot find one scruple of conscience in over-
reaching this old curmudgeon—besides, I find it my
interest—my young lovers are too generous not to
reward me, if I succeed; and that reward may help
me to a husband—for few men, now-a-days, care
to take a woman with nothing.

A I R V. *Buff Coat.*

Poor marriage of late,

Like places of state,

Without money will find no favour.

Is there money? you cry?

If no, they reply,

The devil himself may have her.

If you have a good purse,

For better for worse

The men will all strive to take you:

But of that if you fail,

You'll never prevail.

For the wretches will all forsake you.

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Clara.

Clar. How unjust it is in parents to be ever in-
dulging their passions and desires, and never once
consult their children's happiness; nor, not in that
union which must last for life.

A I R VI. *When the King had given a Paillasse.*

If we feel a tender passion,

Parents cry we're much to blame:

Loving now is out of fashion,

Interest is their only aim.

Wretched creatures!

'Tis their nature.

When with age the blood runs cold,

Love's call'd folly,

Melancholy.

All their longings are for gold.

All their, &c.

THE LOVERS' OPERA.

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What should make Edgar say so long? I hope my hated lover Moody has not met with him. No, help, he's dead!

Enter Edgar.

Clar. My love!—

Edg. My Clara! call off this melancholy thy father's temper yet may change, and we be happy.

Clar. Alas! the aversion of parents is a disease that strengthens with age, and knows no cure.

AIR I. *Villain's Tears within a Farthing, &c.*
When fond love of gold within the mind is born,
It thrives in wintry age like Glaffenbury thorn.

Other passions fly away,

Like the night before the day.

'Tis gold and gain

Gives joy and pain;

To that they only pray.

This shining earth creates all our strife,
Imbitters all our sweet, is the sorrow of our life.

Poor love must shun the light,

Or else be banish'd quite,

For money, money, only money, is the world's delight.

Yet I hope the best; but hope, alas! too frequently is the worst of flatterers.

AIR VIII. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Edg. 'Tis hope that sweetens want and woe,
And softens ev'ry pain;

The shackled slave can grief forego,

Hope sets him free again.

Hope is the cure of black despair,

'Tis that forbids to grieve;

We fighting hope to gain the fair,

In hope alone we live,

In hope, &c.

Clar. I'll be as cheerful as I can; but let what will come, be assur'd, I'll never change my love.

AIR IX. *De'il take the Wars.*

The cheering fun shall cease his shining,
If Clara e'er proves false to thee;

No slighted lover know repining,

Or tempest ever shake the sea.

No mortal e'er shall move me;

I'll shun all (but thee) that love me;

All slighting, all scorning, for thee, my swain.

All tortures I will bear

For thee, my only dear;

Do thou prove true,

As I will be to you,

And Clara e'er will find a joy in pain.

AIR X. *Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight.*

Edg. If e'er I prove false to thee,
The lawyer shall sight his fee;

The courtier shall give

Much more than receive;

The harlot love modestly.

No bankrupt shall break

For interest sake;

Tapers forego their wine;

Misers hate penance,

A fool love sense:

No pains shall move

Or change my love;

For ever I will be thine.

Enter Dalton and Lucy.

AIR XI. *Make your Honours, Miss.*

Dal. Will you be gone? tol, lol, lol. [To Edgar.]

I'll swinge you anon, tol, lol, lol. [To Clara.]

Zouns, what's your business here? tol, lol. [To Edgar.]

You'll smart for this, my dear, tol, lol. [To Clara.]

Clar. Dear Sir, consider—
So, I will consider—but it shall be to rid
myself of this prowling puppy! I'll have him out
of my fold, for fear of these my little lamb—
Where are all my rogues and whores?

Enter Servants.

Dal. Seize this fellow, carry him to the devil,
and leave him there; and you, Mrs. Minx, see
your mistress into her chamber, and, d'ye hear,
lock her up.

AIR XII. *To you fair Ladies now on Land.*

Edg. Thus frightened sailors view the skies,

When winds and billows roar;

Clar. With heaving sighs, and wat'ry eyes,

Around they look for shore.

Edg. No hope, alas! of life they have.

Both. { The wreck becomes a wat'ry grave,

{ They sink, to rise no more.

[Forced off.]

Dal. Away with 'em.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Country Village.*

Enter Moody.

Moody. This little tyrant, Love, is as arbitrary as
the Grand Turk, the G eat Mogul, or a governor
of the plantations. He has stole my heart from
Flora, who mourns for it's loss, and has given it to
Clara, who sets no value on the gift. My reason
told me I was wrong, but love has kick'd poor rea-
son out of doors.

AIR XIII. *Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods.*

Love like a torrent flows;

If we it's streams oppose,

We feel the fatal cart

Transfix'd within the heart,

That robs us of soft repose.

Sure Cupid was sent,

To break our content,

And kill our springing joys.

How blest'd is he

From love when free?

The fairest she

Shou'd slighted be

Since love our peace destroys.

[Edgar crosses the stage.]

Ha! my rival!—I'll follow him, and force him
to forgo the divine Clara, or leave my life behind.

[Exit.]

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. I could not inform Edgar of my proceeding
with the old rogue, my master. But I have taken
this opportunity, if he does not walk too fast for
me—as I live there's he and his rival tilting at one
another—I have not the courage to stand the dan-
ger of two naked weapons at once—therefore I'll
return. O, Edgar has disarm'd him! I hope
they have fought like gentlemen, and done no
harm.—Lord! Lord! how eager these men are to
come at a woman before enjoyment! like two that
strive in a race, even the winner returns fair and
softly home again.

AIR XIV. *In our Country.*

When lovers wou'd wed,

And hope to be sped,

On wings their desires are carry'd:

But post tho' they ride

To meet the fair bride,

They walk it on foot when they're marry'd.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Edgar and Moody.

Moody. Your reason was convinc'd me, more
than your courage, that I have been in the wrong;
therefore I will endeavour to recal my heart, and
once more offer it to the injur'd Flora.

Edg. No more my rival then, but friend for ever.

AIR XV. *As the Snow in Vallies lying,*
Mood. Friendship, when the mind's abounding,

With our gloomy cares surrounding,

Helps to bear an equal part.

Near to love, 'tis all our treasure,

Lightens sorrow, doubles pleasure,

Sympathizing in the heart.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Bless me! what do I see?

Mood. Cease your wonder, and let me satisfy you that Edgar and I are friends, and that I will no longer injure the charming Flora, but throw myself at her feet for pardon.

Lucy. You may obtain it, I believe: but you have both greater difficulties to encounter.

Edg. I'm on the rack! What are they?

Lucy. What are they? Why dragons, hydras! their old rage of a father has been providing husbands for both my young mistresses, and to-morrow morning they're to be joined in wedlock.

Edg. Impossible! Clara will never yield to such injustice.

Lucy. That's more than you know; women are changeable; she has seen her new lover since you parted with her. I can tell you that.

Edg. Why will you torture me?

Lucy. She is determined not to oppose her father's will.

Edg. You wrong her.

Lucy. Well, if I do, I do: but she bids me tell you so.

Edg. Are all her vows and protestations come to this?

AIR XVI. *Tell me, tell me, charming Creature.*

Can she prove so false a creature?

Are her oaths and vows but wind?

Had she charms in every feature,

And for ruin all design'd?

AIR XVII. *Jovial Beggar.*

Since she is false as fair,

The Syren I will shun;

No more her chains I'll wear,

Nor sue to be undone.

But a roving I will go, will go, will go,

And a roving I will go.

Lucy. I find I must impose upon him no farther, it may be dangerous.—Mr. Edgar, pray don't be so uneasy; I confess I have impos'd upon you; but you will excuse it when you know all: we women do take such pleasure in the little anxieties we give you men, that I cou'd not avoid it; but what I have done, and what I will do to serve you, shall make you ample amends.

Edg. I thank thee, and forgive this kind deceit, Lucy; but it is ill trifling with a sincere lover.

Lucy. Have you the heart now to meet Mrs. Clara in her chamber this evening at seven?

Edg. I wou'd meet her, tho' ten thousand dangers bar my way.

Lucy. But suppose you shou'd find a parson there?

Edg. I shou'd look on him as my better genius.

Lucy. Do you think Mr. Moody will come too?

Mood. You wrong me to doubt it.

Lucy. But, gentlemen, tho' I am in very great haste to be gone, yet I can't part with you till I know how this happy change has been wrought in Mr. Moody's temper; and by what lucky accident you are become friends.

Mood. While I am writing three lines to the wrong'd Flora, Edgar shall inform you all.

Lucy. Now must be very speedy; for my old matter is impatient; he has a whole tail to cut.

Edg. In the next room is pen, ink, and paper.

Exit Edgar and Mood.

Lucy. Do you dispatch your letter, my fellow you immediately.—A very ticklish business have I undertaken here. Well, they may talk of state matters, but if there is not more art in managing of such an affair as I have taken in hand, I'll be contented to die a maid, and that's a punishment in this world and the next.

AIR XVIII. *We've cheated the Parson.*

The state of old virgins is surely hard,

From all their lost wishes to be marr'd;

To sigh and whine,

To long and pine;

'Tis laying the cloth, and yet never dine.

The greatest distress that has maids befall,

Is that of the curle to lead apes in hell.

Woeful case!

Hard disgrace!

'Tis worse than a statesman when out of place.

SCENE IV. *A Hall.*

Enter Dalton, Clara, and Flora.

Dal. I will not have you thus eternally in the pouts. Do you reflect upon the duty you owe a father? upon the many obligations you owe to me? Have you consider'd enough the crime of a repeated disobedience? do but this, and your whinings, and passions, and fiddle-faddies, will disappear. Besides, I expect ev'ry hour those worthy gentlemen I have made choice of for your husbands.

Clara. I cou'd wish, Sir, to know the gentlemen, before an affair of that consequence is concluded—perhaps—

Dal. Look ye, look ye, I'll have none of your perhaps; since you are ready for husbands, you shall have 'em of my providing.

AIR XIX. *In the Fields in Frost and Snow.*

When our daughters husbands want,

We must watch 'em nearly close;

Then their hearts will swell and pant;

Night and morning early.

Sighing here,

Whining there,

Here a sigh, there a whine,

Every where a whine.

Oh what plague it is in life

Till a daughter's made a wife!

Do you see, these husbands that I have provided for you are responsible men, men of substance, capacity, judgment, probity, condourous men that—they are men—they are men to my mind, and they shall be so to yours.—In short, I'll keep you safe under lock and key till your stomachs come to you.

Flora. Sir, you're a tyrant and not a father; and tho' you cage us like silly birds, we can be free by dying.

AIR XX. *Of the troubled Ocean's Fret.*

Flora. The bird entrap'd, within her cage

The loss of freedom mourns;

In vain is art her griefs to assuage,

For love her bosom burns:

But if some gentle tender heart

The bird her freedom gives,

She soon forgets her former smart,

And with her partner lives.

THE LOVERS OPERA.

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But still confin'd, her downy rest
And useful food the flies;
Against her prison wounds her breast,
Then lies her down and dies.
In plaintive notes her widow'd love
Lamenting fills the joyless grove.

Dal. Oh! then I find you have a stomach; but
you don't like the dish I have provided you.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Lord bless me!

Dal. What now?

Lucy. I am frighted out of my senses.

Dal. What a devil's the matter with the
wench?

Lucy. Yonder has been—Give me a little time
to recover my breath—Yonder has been a barbarous
murder done.

Dal. Where? when? by whom?

Lucy. Mr. Edgar and Mr. Moody have been
fighting a duel.

Dal. And both dead, ha?

Lucy. No, neither of 'em dead, but mortally
wounded to be sure.

Dal. Both?

Lucy. Yes, both.

Dal. I'm glad on't.

Clara. O my heart!

Flora. Unhappy Flora!

Lucy. Mr. Moody no sooner saw the other, but
he draws his sword, and at it they went; but
before any body cou'd interpose, each had done
the other's business.

Dal. What's become of 'em?

Lucy. They're in custody, and surgeons sent for,
but 'tis fear'd to little purpose.

Clara. O misery—this is the cur'd jealousy of
Moody. *[Exit with Flora.]*

Dal. This was a fortunate accident.

Lucy. Ay, beyond expectation for your pur-
pose.

Dal. But the shock has so fluster'd the girls,
they'll not be able to receive these visitors with any
decency; what shall we do?

Lucy. Suppose I follow 'em, and persuade 'em
this duel was an invention of my own, that you
thinking 'em dead, might give yourself no trouble
in guarding against 'em—I know they'll never con-
sent to marry the men you propose, unless thus
betray'd into the marriage.

Dal. As how? as how?

Lucy. I'll make my mistresses believe that they
are but slightly wounded, and will visit 'em in the
evening in the dark; for fear of you—you shall send
Clodpole and Prim in their places, who shall carry
Father Tatterscape the curate with 'em, to tack
'em together.

Dal. That's right; I'll take care of the parson.

[Exit Dalton.]

Lucy. How soon the old one has swallowed the
bait! which is something extraordinary, for when
they're lost their teeth, they can only nibble.

A I R XXI. Dainty Davy.

So trots when tickled seem well pleas'd,

Ne'er perceiving

Hands deceiving

Till within the gills they're seiz'd;

Then they sounce and tumble.

Dotards like to them are taken

Women's baits draw every swain;

Lively young men bite and sting,

But at the old ones mumble.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. Clara's Apartment.

Enter Clara and Flora.

Clara. Into what a world of misfortunes does
this false and inconsistent notion of honour plunge
men?

Flora. My wretched state is never to be reliev'd.
Honour shou'd guard the passage to my heart, but
love is still the stronger.

A I R XXII. Rush o' Boon.

In vain to guard my breast I try,

The tyrant love subdues me;

And when I would the charmer fly,

His winged shaft pursues me;

My bleeding heart must ever mourn;

The cruel swain disdain me;

My love he ever pays with scorn,

And thinks not how it pains me. *[Warps.]*

Clara. We both must be miserable by the means of
an inhuman father, whose cruelty has robb'd me of
the trust of lovers.

Flora. I can have no remedy but death.

A I R XXIII. Since Celia's my Foe.

Since love is my foe,

To the groves I will go,

Where ever, for ever,

I'll fight out my woe.

Each bird on the tree,

Attentive shall be,

And sorrow shall borrow,

By looking on me.

The hill and the dale,

Shall echo my wail,

And never, no never

Shall lover prevail.

Since the false one is gone,

I'll fight all alone,

Sit pining, declining,

Till death ends my moan.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What, always complaining! come, dry
up your tears.

Clara. What dost thou mean? Can there be cause
for joy?

Lucy. I'll tell you. I got from my old master,
as soon as ever I cou'd, to undeceive you—but to
do it in a word, your lovers are both safe and well;
they have no wounds but what love has made, and
you can cure. It was necessary I should amuse your
father with the story, in order to carry on a design
we have upon him, and I cou'd not do it without
making you party. This letter is from Moody,
and will, I doubt not, satisfy you in other par-
ticulars that won't be disagreeable.—Hush, your
father!

Enter Dalton, Prim, Clodpole, and Varole.

Dal. Come, gentlemen, here are my daughters,
and you have my consent to—make the best you can
of 'em.

Lucy. Which won't be a great deal, I believe.

Dal. Does the plot take with 'em? *[To Lucy.]*

Lucy. Beyond your wishes—they snapp'd at the
bait as a pike wou'd at a gudgeon, and made no
more bones on't.

Prim. Thou art a lovely creature surely: thy
comeliness doth move the spirit, which is the in-
ward light, towards thee; nor is the outward man
unmov'd, but yearneth, and doth pant; as it were,
to embrace thee, that of twain we may become one
flesh—fast bound, entwined together, lock'd in the
lock which is call'd wedlock, hum!

Lucy. Well said! to her!

THE LOVERS OPERA.

AIR XXIV. Quakers Wedding.

Prim. Wou'd that gentle dove,

Humh! on a feather look kind, ah!

Who's your love,

Humh! is to her inclin'd, ah!

Wou'd she bid the Quaker take her,

Mate for life to make her,

Like turtle true,

He'd bill and coo—do,

Take your upright Quaker.

Lucy. Gad, you ha' done your business, I can tell you. She says she likes you.

Prim. Doth she say so?

Lucy. She does, but mum!

Prim. Yes, mum!

Lucy. Only take care of humming and hawing too much, that's the only way to kill your hopes.

Var. You speak de trair, prett Mistress Lucy: Monsieur Hum, ha! you know nothing, morbleu, noting at all.—Letta me come.

AIR XXV. Te Deum of Pleasure.

I'm of de nation

Do teach de fashion,

Vid application,

De song and dance.

Sure dat will move you,

Beside me love you,

And to improve you,

Me come from France.

Lucy. Clara likes no body but you.

Var. Dat is ver vel, prett Mrs. Lucy.

Cled. Poor insignificant wretches! do you imagine you shall succeed before a man of—taste, and of part—ano—father-in-law, what wou'd you have me say to her?

Dal. Courage! Courage!

Cled. Madam, I have been captain of the militia several years, and have behaved with courage and conduct, in the greatest dangers—a hem!

AIR XXVI. As Tippling John.

If you did see

My men and me,

All arm'd with sword and gun,

Walk up the street,

Our foes to meet,

You'd swear we ne'er wou'd run.

In yonder field

I made 'em yield,

And tremble at my ire.

I'd have you think,

I scorn to wink,

Whene'er my soldiers fire.

AIR XXVII. Hark, hark, the Cock crows!

Flo. Such wretched poor elves,

Just fit for yourselves,

Among your own tribe shou'd be canting;

No female beside

Wou'd to thee be a bride,

Tho' people for nations were wanting.

Clar. For you Monsieur Paris,

I never wou'd marry,

I resolve to be cloister'd a nun first.

Nor you, Mr. Valour,

Shall e'er be my jailor:

Both. To the end of the world we wou'd run first.

[Exit.]

Dal. Obstinate baggage!—now they expect to meet their young cockcombs, ha!

Lucy. They do.—Mr. Prim, what she just now said, was only the want of resolution—she did not care to declare her mind in publick—but I have often heard her say privately, she lik'd no people in the world so well as Quakers—you may make her one.

Prim. Verily, I do conceive thou art full of word of truth. For as I did rest my head upon my bolster, in the night, in the darkness of the night, the light said unto me—Arise, go thou to the damsel whom thou lovest, and she will turn unto thee; and thou shalt go unto her the truth, and her heart shall be towards thee; and the friends shall rejoice therefore.

Lucy. Captain, has not my mother told you the secret?

Cled. No.

Lucy. Go to him, he knows her very heart—she loves you to distraction.

Cled. Aye!

Dal. Hark ye, Lucy.

Lucy. You shall take Mr. Prim, and the Captain, into the parlour, and prepare 'em for the pation; he's waiting for that purpose already—when I have sent Varole about his business, I'll to the ladies, and prepare them, and give you notice when all's ready.

Dal. I understand you—Hark ye, gentleman—I wou'd beg three words with you in private.

[Exit Dal. Cled. and Prim.]

Lucy. Mr. Varole, you see the old gentleman is determined to prefer those two before you—but I know the young lady likes you a great deal better than the captain; and if you approve of it, I wou'd put you in a way to circumvent him, and carry the lady yourself.

Var. Vid all mine heart, me sal be ver glad.

Lucy. Do you go before, I'll follow you immediately; it will not be proper for us to be seen together.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. A Garden.

Enter Clara and Flora.

Clar. This maid of ours is an excellent wench of invention. But how she'll bring herself off at last, I am at a loss to know.

Flo. Her management has hitherto been so good, that I am in no great pain about it.

Clar. She has indeed serv'd us beyond our hopes—I shall never forget the obligation, let the consequence to herself be what it will.

Flo. I cou'd wish tho' our lovers wou'd appear 'tis now the hour appointed.

Clar. I don't doubt in the least their being punctual.

Flo. Here they are.

Enter Moody and Edgar.

AIR XXVIII. Katherine Ogie.

Moody. Behold, fair maid, thy roving twain [Kneeling]

Returns again to duty;

My breast receives the pleasing pain,

Created by thy beauty:

To thee for pity here I sue,

For thee my heart is dying;

To thee I ever will be true,

Be thou but kind, complying.

Flo. Your penitence will demand forgiveness.

Clar. But as a proof of it, and to put you both to the test, let me tell you, there waits a person here by, who is the properest man in the world to take your confession, and who only can give you absolution.

Flo. And if you have courage to meet us at the place of battle, we dare your word.

Edg. There's my rage.

Moody. And mine. [Giving their hands]

AIR XXIX.

Edg. When beauty our courage will try,

A lover must fly at the call;

Moody. And tho' in the battle we die,

'Tis pleasure and transport to fall.

Edg. When we fight out our souls at their feet,
Mood. And taste their enlivening breath;

Edg. Whinnings and idleness we want,

Edg. The helm will serve us best at death.

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Clod. Was ever man so cheated? My only comfort is, my trapes here moves no wife. Monsieur Varole, the best thing we can do, is to move off, for fear we should be burnt, as the old gentleman threatens.

Var. Vial mine heart—Begar me be cheated; me marry the Captain to prevent him marry Madam Clara, and madam have marry anoder person. —Metress Lucy, begar you be ups jelt.

Lucy. Look ye, gentlemen, I was in the secret of your purchasing these ladies at two thousand pounds each, and thought I cou'd not too much expose you for it—I had no view in imposing on you, but to make you witnesses of my marriage with this gentleman, and to shew you in the most ridiculous light I cou'd, and for fear you might have interpos'd the mean while, to prevent these more proper lovers taking possession of their own.

Mood. Ingenious girl!

Clod. I'll home, and meditate revenge. [Exit.

Var. Begar, and me too. [Exit.

Mood. What thou hast done for us, deserves much more than thanks—If Mr. Edgar please, and in order to make Mr. Prim easy, and satisfy'd with his wife, we'll each advance Mrs. Lucy five hundred pounds as a fortune.

Clar. We are her debtors too.

Lucy. Ladies and gentlemen, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Prim. I know no other remedy, on condition she will turn unto the light—for she is not unconcomely—she hath temptations—Wilt thou listen unto the word of soberness?

Lucy. I will truly.

Prim. Then truly I will take the thousand pounds—and thee.

Lucy. I thank thee lovingly.

A I R XXXI. Among the pure ones all.

Among your sect we see

The women inspir'd will preach,

And therefore I will agree,

Because, in my turn, I'll teach.

Such opinions sure

Must needs be pure,

That leave us the tongue at will.

For most, you find,

Are well inclin'd

That weapon shou'd ne'er lie still.

Enter Dalton.

Dal. Well! I have consider'd on't, and since what's done can't be undone, I think I may as well be reconcil'd—so bless you all together.

Edg. This is a joy beyond expectation.

A I R XXXII. Come, brave Boys.

Edg. Our gloomy woes are now no more,

The beaten bark has reach'd the shore.

Free from tempests, free from cares,

Gentle love our joy prepares.

Hymen with his nuptial light

Gaily burns serenely bright.

Dal. Then let's be merry,

Jovial, free and airy,

Spend all our time in mirth and joy.

Every lad now take his last,

Trip it o'er the verdant grass,

And with a smiling face.

Then with full bowls,

We'll cheer our souls;

For love and wine all cares destroy.

A DANCE.

B.

C.

D.

E.

F.

G.

H.

I.

J.

